

Salute

M.O.P.

Uhh, uhh...
Uhh, uhh...
M.O.P. in the house kid
BLAU! You knowhatimsayin, check this out
Lil Fame's a trigga nigga
Billy Danze a trigga nigga
Aight? Keepin it real
Brownsville still nigga

Lil Fame, a young ass nigga wit talent
Thug that move silent, but still remain violent
The Brownsville slugger take the M-1 it's truth
General of this hit game, clak, clak, salute

Billy Danze, index finger exerciser
Bell ringer, gun slinger, survivor
Raise your right and I'll blaze the living proof
The godfather to truth, clak, clak, salute

Since we came here we got to show and prove
The M.O.P. is rugged never smooth
We tearin this shit down just like construction
Flip like kilos, with this Primo production

No doubt, hit 'em wit that hilltop flavor
Hardcore niggas on your doorstep neighbor
And this year, here, niggas can't compare
Spectators, haters, cuz we're fuckin with Premier

Fillin 'em up wit raps in fact they can't get wit
A code red, the dope shit, got you niggas addicted
Mr. Danzenie and the Fame stayin true to this game
Since you nice was that hip hop gangsta
M.O.P. guranteed to keep bringin this dopeness
For the real thugs and ghetto niggas slingin toasters
On all coastses, north to south, east to west
Got high clientele for shit you least expect

M.O.P. from the hill kid, what you tryin to tell me
Still grippin mo' steel, a machine gun deli
I mention, and flinching, and waitin for you to duck the gate
And sellin shit that I won't tolerate
WSUP?! My whole team's in the house
The gat is 1 5 4 5 not four 5's in your fucking mouth
Same ones, burner on blaze
Fuck a memory, y'all remember me for bustin my thang...